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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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From the Retiring National Commander

IN a few days I shall step down from a platform at Saint Paul and take my place once more in the ranks of the Legion. I shall wish good luck to the new National Commander with the feeling that I am giving to him intact the principles and policies which were created and strengthened and transmitted to me by Foreman, Lindsley, D'Olier, Galbraith, Emery, MacNider and Owsley.

Those predecessors of mine had made a strong and sound Legion. I shall be proud if the future shall estimate the Legion's accomplishments during the short year now closing as a fitting continuation of the work they began. And I have the strongest faith that the things we have done this year will stand out boldly in memory throughout the many years which lie before us.

This year has been the Legion's harvest year. Two laws of overwhelming importance to almost every service man and woman of the World War were enacted by Congress. The Reed-Johnson Act not only extends the benefits and privileges of the disabled men in and out of hospitals, but also accords to all World War veterans the right to free care and treatment in government hospitals regardless of the nature of their disabilities or the time or circumstances in which their disabilities were acquired. The other law is the Adjusted Compensation Act—a recognition of the justice of the claim of four million service men and women.

This year has been noteworthy for other reasons. Legion posts in 1924 have been working for their own communities as never before. In every State we have shown how much a Legion post can do for its home town and how well it can do it.

With all the emphasis I can muster I call attention also to the development of the Legion's national child welfare program. Two national conventions have outlined the sound methods by which the Legion shall undertake to care for the orphaned and needy children of World War veterans. We stand upon a threshold of wonderful privilege and opportunity in this work.

The record of our year of accomplishment is rounded out by the splendid manner in which the Legion is rallying for the observance of Defense Day. This day is designed to test the system of national self-protection which is provided by the Legion-sponsored National Defense Act of 1920. God grant that we never shall have to use the machine for war designed under that act. But what folly to risk the coming of another war without finding out whether the machine will work! We who learned in battle the penalty of unpreparedness would be false to our duty to the nation if we failed to combat the dangerous doctrine that national safety can be insured by national helplessness.

The Saint Paul National Convention will find the Legion as vigorous as it has been at any time in its history. With the traditions and accomplishments of five years as an inspiration for the future, the Legion at Saint Paul will find itself strongly united, with every ground for possible disagreement cleared away, ready for its task of tomorrow.

John R. Quinn

NATIONAL COMMANDER

His Name Is JOHN QUINN

And on September 19th, at Saint Paul, He Will Yield the Gavel to His Successor and Become the Eighth Past National Commander of The American Legion

By Marquis James

The National Commander shakes hands with Billy Bayne, oldest living veteran of the United States. Billy, who served in the Mexican War and is 105 years of age, refuses elevator assistance and walks up and down stairs at the National Soldiers' Home in Dayton, Ohio

WHEN John Robertson Quinn, ranchman, of Delano, California, checks out of the Saint Paul Hotel in Saint Paul and boards a plush-upholstered rattler for the golden West, he will probably try to read his evening paper upside down. For Mr. Quinn's thoughts will be elsewhere just then.

He will have just recently laid down his responsibilities as National Commander of The American Legion. In consequence a load of no slight proportions will be off his mind. Past National Commanders all feel that way. But the case of John Quinn is going to be different. The load of his official duties, which, after all, he managed to carry without losing so much as a tent pin, merely will have given place to a new burden which presents a different problem entirely.

Plush-upholstered rattlers cover the distance between Saint Paul and Delano in three days. That isn't very long for a man wrestling with a problem such as is going to ruff up its back and make menacing motions at John Quinn once he puts aside the gavel of Legion authority and gets back home.

When Mr. Quinn reaches Delano he will have to give an account of his stewardship as Commander, and it will be well if he has thought up in advance just what excuses he has to offer. Yes, this is a matter of giving excuses—of citing such mitigating circumstances as may have weight in the matter at hand. Perhaps it is only fair to Mr. Quinn to add that this is not a national problem which will confront the Past Commander. John Quinn has met his share of national problems in the year just passed—his trail is strewn with the corpses of them. He got so he could wake out of a sound sleep and look a new variety of national problem in the face without batting an eye. He wound up some national problems which had been plaguing the Legion and plaguing the country for many a year. After a dose of old Dr. Quinn's specific they weren't problems any more; they were settled issues. No, it isn't the shadow of any national problem, or the substance thereof, which will disturb John Quinn's peace of mind once he starts back for California.

It is a local problem, a peculiarly local problem. It is not even a statewide California problem. It is a Delano, a Kern and Tulare Counties problem, for that is where the Quinn ranches are.

California claims John Quinn as its own, but the town of Delano, which Quinn admits "isn't much more than a wide place in the road," and the counties of Kern and Tulare claim him for their very own. They have followed his career as National Commander in the utmost refinements of detail. They have watched the motion-picture news reels and the Bakersfield and San Francisco papers. And what do you suppose has rewarded their diligence?

JOHN R. QUINN with his victory smile receiving the news of the enactment of the Adjusted Compensation Law. Fine, we knew old John would put it over. John R. Quinn being congratulated on his great legislative victory for the disabled. That's the stuff —'ray for John. John R. Quinn descending the steps of the White House after a conference with the President. Attaboy, nothing too good for our John. John R. Quinn writes the Secretary of War supporting Defense Day. Certainly, what did those Eastern dudes think he would do? *John R. Quinn wearing a straw hat.* (Just a photograph snapped unawares by some well-

Mr. Quinn depositing the first spadeful of earth for the Legion building on the Indianapolis War Memorial plot. It was a hefty shovelful

The Commander's home circle. Mrs. Quinn, Jane, aged six, Charlotte Ann, three, and Bobby, thirteen, with Mr. Quinn on the veranda of their Indianapolis home

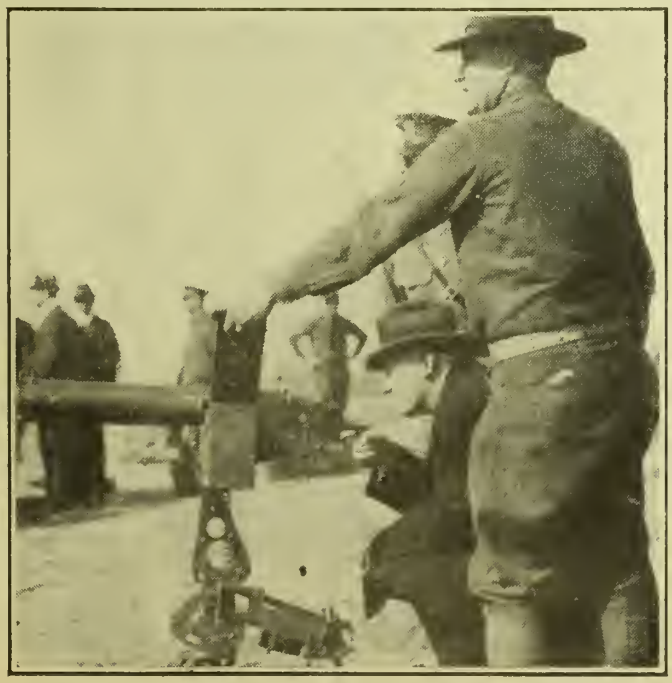
meaning press camera man). Well—I'll—be—gol—durned! Did you see that? John Quinn WEARING A STRAW HAT!

That, my friends, is what Mr. Quinn must explain and coin excuses for.

Delano sent him out into the world as its first citizen; just a "cowboy with a college education" who had never been known to put on airs in his life. And here he is with his picture in the papers wearing a straw hat, and one of those dinky little stiff Eastern dude straw hats at that. In Delano it isn't done. Delano was willing to concede that the five-gallon Stetson should go when John got east of Denver. They were willing to stretch a point even and stand for a derby. But a straw hat—of specifications aforesaid—that was much too much.

So far as this correspondent is aware, Mr. Quinn has determined to fight the issue out alone. A light remark in picturesque Western language is the best that any of his associates at Indianapolis have ever been able to get out of him. His real strategy remains to be disclosed. Whether he means to quote the thermometer readings for July and August in central Indiana, Louisiana, Georgia and the Carolinas; whether he means to argue that his sporting instinct got the best of him and he did it on a bet; whether he intends to cite the authorities on what the gentleman will wear in hot weather — none of these things are known. John Quinn will depart for the West as lively a subject for speculation as he was eleven months ago when he departed for the East.

A lot of water has flowed under Legion bridges in those eleven months. Some of it has been troubled and difficult water. John R. Quinn has been the man in the boat. He has been paddling the canoe. He has been steering it, too. He brings it into port a more seaworthy canoe than it was when he started, and he has a string of fish a rod long trailing from the stern. That has been Quinn's year—the administration of the man who came out of the West to run the Legion for a spell.



The Legion's head trying out an anti-aircraft machine gun at Fort Benning, Georgia

WHEN he came out of the West he came a long way. Once when Mr. Quinn was making speeches in New England he said he didn't see any reason why the Yankee boys should have been very homesick in France—they weren't so far from home. Quinn had to go twice as far as they did to get to the war.

Mr. Quinn left San Francisco with a few extra shirts and collars and when he got to Indianapolis he decided to settle down and stay a while. So he sent for Mrs. Quinn, red-headed, left-handed Bobby June Quinn, aged thirteen; Miss Jane Quinn, aged six, and Miss Charlotte Ann Quinn, aged three. They came on to Indianapolis and the Quinn family went to housekeeping, and the head of that family went to running the Legion from a desk at National Headquarters. That was the way Mr. Quinn and his father ran their ranches, and the Quinn ranches embrace 12,000 acres and are the best known and have the reputation of being the best run of any in that part of California. They are business institutions of no small calibre, and a lot of business acumen is required to keep them going.

Mr. Quinn has spent more time in Indianapolis, in personal charge of the executive and administrative machinery of the Legion, than any other National Commander. Before he did anything

(*Continued on page* 19)

By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

Come Among

COUNTRYMEN in the province of Touraine will tell you yet of poor Captain Jules Berenger. He came out of mystery, was feared, and then pitied. That most shocking victim of callous wars was the captain. Wives in the grain fields the early fall of 1919 cried motherly tears and called him the *soldat* with a feather in his hair; for Captain Jules Berenger, although he once had become a man and put away childish things, must spend the rest of his life—but wait.

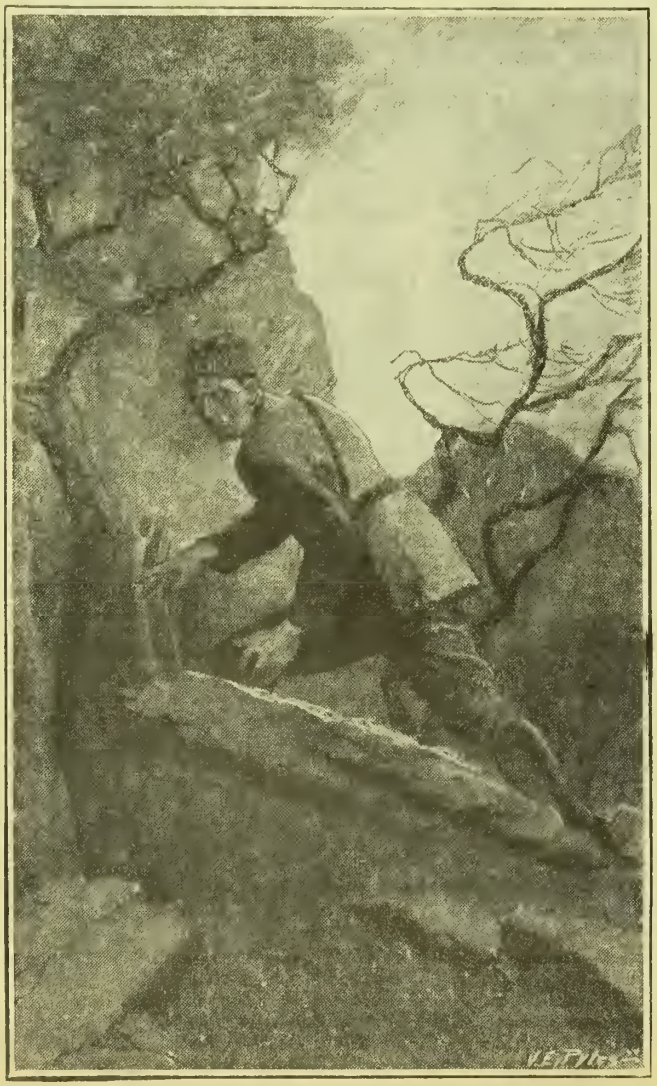
The province first welcomed him. He was *Americain*. That in itself was enough those days when American hobnails had ceased to stir up the dust on provincial roads. What was more, he promised to this farmer and that a few needed francs.

We found him because we were hunting Americans. Most doughboys, lately addressed at the front, were breakfasting now at home or in Hoboken. The A. E. F. was engaged in the tedious business of moving. Offices still were retained at Tours, Brest, Paris and Bordeaux, and additional small groups were cleaning up the final paper work in other important points. But in the great mistreated areas of France, streaked so recently with hostile gray and friendly olive-drab, the peasants had returned to raising geese and vegetables, and the American doughboy again was an object of curiosity.

Army police hunted deserters. Several thousand still were at large, most of them in France, some in Ireland, some in Italy, a few in Spain. Hundreds, grown desperate, hung together in furtive bands in secluded French villages, where the misplaced sympathy of a few natives shielded them. It was these we hunted. Each day saw from half a dozen to a score safely corralled, questioned, and started toward the base ports.

The force of operators in the Department of Criminal Investigation had been reduced, although there was work enough left for the original staff. In the Le Mans district perhaps a dozen men remained to patrol, with the help of the French gendarmes.

Excited provincial gentlemen these gendarmes were. From them came frequent reports to the effect that "marauders" were in their territories. They locked up their wine at the first report of a lone wandering American. They might have omitted that precaution so far as Captain Jules Berenger was concerned; for wine was not his trouble.



We were Germans pursuing, so he fancied

One afternoon I was riding in the vicinity of the drowsy town of Sablé, which lies some fifty kilos southwest of Laval and thirty kilos north of Angers. At the village gendarmerie I was told that there had been only one other American seen in that district in the past three months—a Captain Jules Berenger of the General Staff. I was interested.

"And what is he doing?" I asked.

The gendarme corporal in charge of the post was a wordy man.

"He is buying hay," he explained, with many gestures. "He has purchased all the hay the farmers have for five kilos around. At top price, Monsieur. Ah, it is magnifique, the trade that he is bringing our poor people."

"Capital!" I exclaimed. "But what will he do with this hay?"

"Feed it to your horses. He *perquisitions* land, for stables. Six thousand horses, Monsieur, are to be fattened here in Sablé. Think of it! Poor beasts that have dragged artillery."

"He paid cash?" I questioned.

"No, no, not cash. Why, Monsieur, the affair reaches millions of francs. Your government will pay when he brings the horses."

"Where is he now?"

"In the next village. He will be back, he promised."

I left an operator in Sablé and directed him to meet Captain Berenger at the first opportunity. I even suggested that he might force an introduction. Then I went on, telling my sergeant that I should be at La Flèsche for dinner that evening; he could reach me there.

His telegram was in that city before me:

"Captain Jules Berenger assaulted French civilian four o'clock this afternoon. Am starting with gendarmes on search."

I did not dine in La Flèsche.

It was nearly dark when the D. C. I. driver speeded back into the town of Sablé, and the gendarme on duty knew little of the affair. His comrades and the D. C. I. operator—it was Sergeant Logan, I believe, who is now chief of police in Kenosha — were out about three kilos south of the city.

THE station gendarme directed us. Leaving the main road, we jolted along a *route communal* through hilly, uncultivated waste land into a weedy farm. Back of the stone fence an ell-shaped house spread raggedly, with the pump in the dooryard and the cowshed leaning in front. The owner of the place, an underfed, aged man, was stretched on his bed swearing lustily, in spite of the dent in his skull and the cut across his face.

"After the way I treated him!" the old man was roaring. "After I fed him a whole chicken for a meal, and gave him my best wine, and let him sleep in my own bed three nights!"

"It was a savage!" the chief of the gendarmes agreed. "Certainly — I'll explain it all! This is Monsieur Proust, ninety years a good citizen. That wretched Captain Jules Berenger, who has been buying hay from the farmers, came here to talk about using this land for the largest stables of all. He had been here three days, staking out the places where the buildings were to be —great buildings, large as Versailles, but made of rough lumber and tin, as all American buildings are. Today Monsieur Proust told him that he must have a little money for his land at once, before he dies—he is ninety years old, Monsieur—and this savage picked up a shovel from the garden and attacked him."

"Where is the D. C. I. operator?" I asked.

"Who knows?" The Chief shrugged. "Destroyed, too, by now, no doubt. He started out to hunt the villain along that path, the way he went."

Friends

A D. C. I. Story

"Some of your men are with him?"

"Non, non! All of my men are here, three of them, and the clerk on duty in the headquarters. Will I send three poor men against such an assassin? Non!"

"But all of you must go!"

THEY tagged at my heels, half-heartedly, opposed to a search in the gathering twilight. The path Captain Berenger had taken led over weedy hillocks a scant kilometer, then turned into a closely grown woods of beech and oak.

"This is the Great Forest," the Chief explained, "where the count who lives in the castle comes to hunt. It is ten kilos long and six wide, and is full of wolves and boar."

"Are there any houses in the forest?" I asked.

"The hunting lodge, four kilometers from here, where only the gamekeeper and his family stay."

Which way should we start? A hail from a nearby hilltop decided for us. Sergeant Logan was back. He had searched as far as the hunting lodge, and there was no sign of any American. Darkness was coming down so thickly that to hunt in the forest any longer was useless. Besides, with so vast a cover, any fugitive could spend several days wandering safely. I needed more men.

Back at Sablé I wired my office in Le Mans, directing that every operator who could be spared, with motorcycles and automobiles, should report in Sablé an hour before dawn.

The gendarmerie was in bedlam that evening. The ruffled Chief wrote nervously at his long oaken table, upsetting his sand pot every time he tried to blot the ink. I sat with him until his nine o'clock bedtime, and then went to the inn and to bed, with instructions to be called at four o'clock. Sergeant Logan remained at the gendarmerie; the D. C. I. driver returned with the car to headquarters in Le Mans in case there should be need of further transportation in the morning.

At two o'clock there was a wild commotion in the hotel. I heard my name shouted from the street — Sergeant Logan again. The wife of the keeper at the hunting lodge had been attacked as she slept. Someone in the dark had beaten her with a club. Her husband, awakening, had recognized the robber as an American. The woman was not dangerously hurt.

We were six kilometers from the hunting lodge and our car was many miles away. In two hours there would be a number of men and enough transportation. I waited for daylight in the smoky guardroom of the gendarmerie. And just at dawn they slipped into town, three cars with eight operators.

With a map of the district on the table we planned a pursuit. Captain Berenger, if such was his true name, could not be far from the forest by daylight, even if he managed to find his way out. The reinforcements from Le Mans—Hollig, Heatherson, Dubac, Dubois, Carse, Madden, Jacob—all of the men who were there, divided into four groups. The corporal or brigadier of the gendarmerie solemnly and fearfully placed himself and his men at my disposal. With each Frenchman went one American. One pair planned to patrol a road which skirted the north end of the forest. Two other groups were to scout along the west side. Another pair would watch at the south. Three other men and myself were to hurry around to the east, opposite Sablé, and there enlist the gendarmes of the nearest village. We were to come in from the east, thrashing through the bush. If this queer American, if American he was, were there, we would bring him in and give him a chance to explain.

Operator Dubac, on watch under a beech tree, had seen a man hitch on his side out of the woods and crawl across the road

IT was sharp daylight by the time I had stirred the gendarmes in the other town out of bed, away from their breakfasts, and into the forest with me. We concealed our car on a trail at the edge of the woods and proceeded carefully on foot, four French policemen, four Americans, and five or six French volunteers. We searched carefully.

At the hunting lodge we heard a nervous story of the latest attack. The woman had seen what she thought was a man in the barnyard at dusk the night before. Her husband was in the forest, and she has been alone with the children. Being of stout peasant stock, she had gone to investigate. The fellow had disappeared.

Her fears came back late at night when she thought someone prowled in the upper part of the house; her husband, being tired, had laughed at her. Then noises in the room where she slept awakened her. A man struck at her head and shouted in French:

"I warned you!"

That was all. While the woman lay unconscious, the stranger disappeared.

(*Continued on page* 17)

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

A Full Year in Eleven Months Flat

THE wintry breezes whip down early from the plains of Canada and set the residents of our northern border States to thinking about winter sports almost before those who live in more temperate latitudes have picked out their fall hats. In part for this reason, The American Legion closes its books thirty days earlier than customary this year and goes to Saint Paul in September instead of October.

This is doing a year in eleven months flat from the take-off at San Francisco last October. This short-handed cycle, however, has been no lean Legion year in any other respect. It has been a flush year, a busy, an interesting and a fruitful year. Many goals toward which the Legion has been striving for a long while have been reached and realized.

The Legion is able to cram a year's work into eleven months, and thus be thirty days ahead of the game for the rest of its life—the Legion is a fast worker because its work has always been well planned out. Up the river fifteen miles from Saint Paul is Minneapolis, the mill city built beside the falls. There in that mill city by the falls The American Legion came into being in November of 1919. The young Legion already had had the benefit of eight months' thought and planning for its future. The Paris caucus of March, 1919, started the ball rolling, and the following fall The American Legion left Minneapolis a going concern. Now it goes back to within fifteen miles of Minneapolis to report that it has found a lot of the things Minneapolis sent it out after.

One thing the Legion reports at Saint Paul this month is that the situation of the wounded and disabled veterans of the World War and their dependents is better than it has been at any time previously. It is approaching a state of satisfaction. When the Legion met at Minneapolis five years ago this situation was a disgraceful mess. The country was blithely ignorant of it, and even the new-born Legion did not know the half of the sordid story. For four years the Legion labored diligently, and when it went to San Francisco last year it had no apologies to make for its efforts. On the other hand, the government authorities had been busy apologizing for some time.

The final—the Legion hopes they are final—apologies have come within the past eleven months. The American Legion placed before an investigating committee of the United States Senate particulars of what it knew of mismanagement, extravagance and graft in the Veterans Bureau. The committee placed this evidence before the country and began to clean up. The cleaning up has gone forward very well. The Legion rounded out its job by obtaining the enactment of the Reed-Johnson Act, which liberalizes the laws so as to grant hospitalization and increased compensation to more than 100,000 veterans and their dependents. This law was not perfect. There are a few amendments to work for, and the Legion will work for them at the next session of Congress, but this legislative victory was as great as any the Legion has accomplished for the disabled since the Veterans Bureau was formed in 1921.

The Legion has obtained the enactment of the Federal Adjusted Compensation Law. The fight for this measure of economic justice was launched at Minneapolis in 1919. No one then dreamed it would be a four-and-a-half year fight, with the Legion arrayed against some of the most powerful interests in the United States. In 1919 one of the big issues before the country was radicalism. One may smile as he looks back on it now, but in 1919 it was no joke. Statesmen were alarmed for the security of our institutions of government and property owners were alarmed for the security of their property; particularly large and corporate property owners. These persons were the first to pat the Legion on the back and tell it to clean up the reds. That menace removed, certain people were through with the Legion. They bobbed up next in opposition to the Legion in the "bonus" campaign.

But the "bonus" is water over the dam. The Legion has forgotten all about its opposition—an opposition that contended for what seemed to it to be right. The opposition seems inclined to forget on its side. Speed the day when we all shall have forgotten! There is so much to be done in this world which calls for co-operation. Nothing will be gained by harboring grudges and keeping alive old scores. Saint Paul should witness the erection of a tombstone over the hatchet.

The year past has witnessed the legal justification of the Legion's stand for the permanent exclusion of the Oriental races. It has witnessed the enactment of an immigration law which reduces admissions to this country to 169,000 annually, in place of 375,000 as heretofore and 1,000,000 before the war. This is an outstanding victory for the Legion's idea that immigration and assimilation should go hand in hand and that the former should not be permitted to outrun the latter as heretofore.

The Legion's program for national defense is finding popular endorsement on Defense Day.

Education Week has spread the Legion's ideals where they count most—in the schools. The annual essay contest has busied thousands of school children with patriotic themes. The Community Betterment Bureau and the Child Welfare Bureau have been established at National Headquarters. Ground has been turned for the Legion's new home at Indianapolis.

A useful year has been left behind—a year of accomplishment which justifies the support which every man and woman who has joined the Legion has given the Legion by that act. It justifies the support, also, of men and women who have not joined. It supplies new reasons why they should do so.

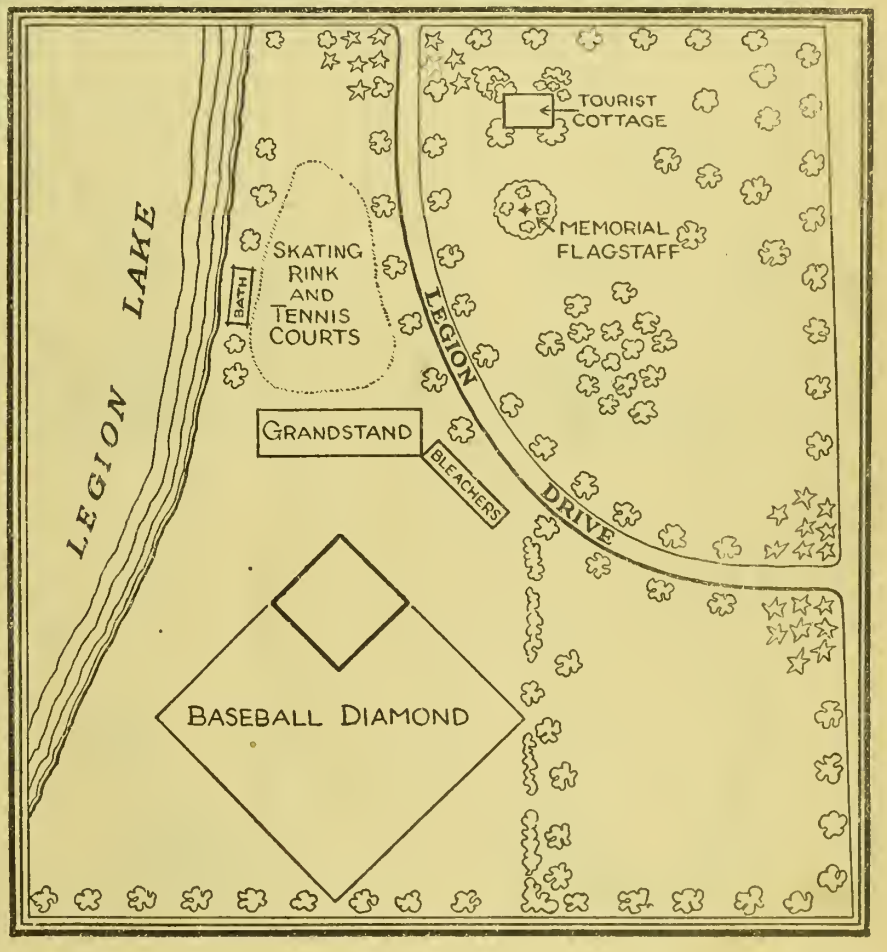
In political oratory, it's the close that makes the man.

When scientists say that space is limitless they are not referring to parking space.

The New York ballplayer who climbed into the stands and assaulted a too-critical spectator should remember that the first hundred jeers are the hardest.

An Indiana interurban trolley company recently laid a stretch of double tracks sufficiently far apart to permit the erection of advertising signboards. Probably so that the passengers can read between the lines.

BY *the* Legion, FOR *the* Town



Part of the crowd which answered the call of Cokato, Minnesota, Legionnaires for volunteers to grade a road through a park and recreation grounds which the Legion had furnished the town. At the right is shown the ground plan of the beautiful park

WHEN Edward Bok wrote his autobiography he told in a foreword how his grandfather, rated as a visionary and impractical sentimentalist by his Dutch burgher neighbors, had turned a barren island in the North Sea into a great garden by planting trees. While Grandfather Bok, the governor of the island, was planting his trees and laying out roads and dykes and canals, the wiseacres of that section of the Netherlands kept wagging their heads and their tongues over his folly. It was only when the saplings had grown old, attracting all the migratory birds to their branches for rest after their long flights across the sea, and the barren island had become one of Holland's best-favored ocean resorts, that Grandfather Bok was fully honored for his vision and energy.

In hundreds of American towns and cities today there are Grandfather Boks struggling against discouragement and ridicule to make pleasant places for their fellow-citizens and for the children of coming generations. Many a man seeking almost single-handed to rally his townsmen in a movement for a town park has heard his project branded a mudhole and himself a meddler. But nature produces enough Grandfather Boks in each generation to make the beautification of towns and cities continuous. Sometimes, though, the process seems slow.

When, however, the vision of the foresighted is supplemented by the strength of numbers of an organization like The American Legion, surprising things are apt to happen. In Cokato, Minnesota, for example, a Legion post has accomplished in the short space of a single year what might have required many years had it been attempted by a pioneer idealist battling alone. In a single year Cokato Post of the Legion has provided for its town a model park and recreation ground, a tract of land in which beauty of scenery has been utilized as a background for works which will add to the enjoyment of every single man, woman and child in Cokato.

The village long had wanted a park and recreation field, and project after project had been started only to be abandoned. Then Cokato Post, which was comfortably established in its own clubrooms and was busy in countless ways trying to promote the social life of its community, mobilized its best thought and its money and started a new park movement under irresistible auspices.

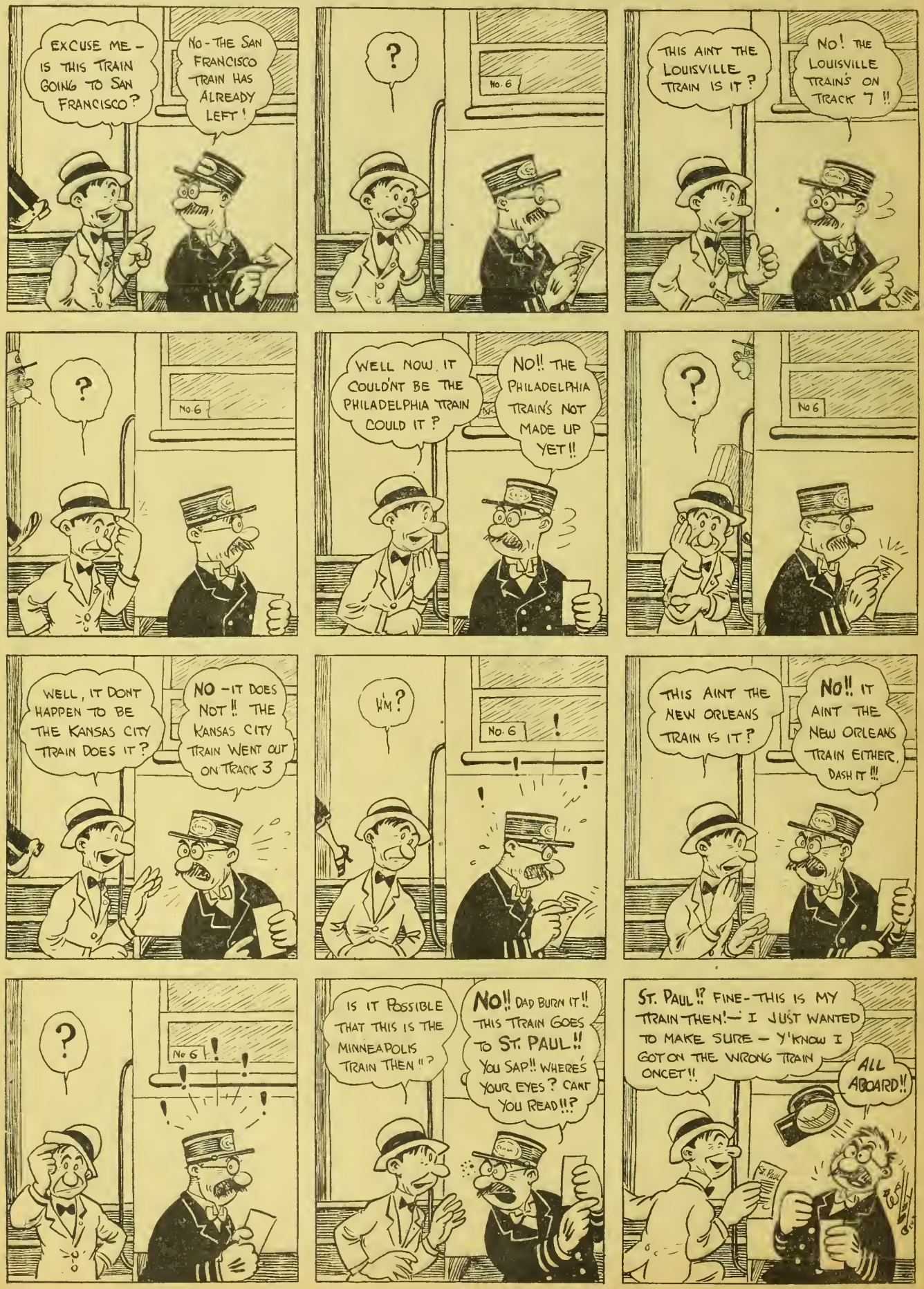
The town had scarcely awakened to the Legion's effort when the post bought ten and a half acres of lake-front property adjoining the village and paid for it in cash. Individual Legionnaires advanced the money to the post as loans and the $2,000 for the purchase price was in the post treasury waiting to be paid over to the seller at the moment the deed was signed.

The post then commissioned a landscape artist and surveyor to draw up plans for the development of its land. Blueprints were prepared charting the

(*Continued on page* 15)

The Cautious Traveler

By Wallgren



A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

"NOW that it has won the bonus what is the Legion going to do?" a middle-aged man who is a member of a Rotary Club, asked me the other day.

"What is your Rotary Club going to do?" I asked him.

"Do? What doesn't it do to keep up civic spirit and business enterprise in the community?" he demanded indignantly.

"What is the Sons of the Revolution"—he is a member of that, too—"going to do now that the Revolutionary War is over?" I asked him.

"Keep alive the patriotic devotion of the founding fathers of our country and—" he threatened a speech, but I interrupted him in time.

I knew he was a member of one of the great fraternal societies. So I inquired what his brotherhood was going to do.

"Preserve the spirit of human kindness and fellowship and look after the sick and unfortunate."

"Well, the Legion is going to do all those things you mention, I said, "and a little more because it has the big chance."

"What! What do you mean by the big chance?"

I explained. Every Legion post is as local in its interest as a Rotary, Lions or Kiwanis Club. The very charter of its life is vested in making a better and happier community.

As a patriotic organization it depends upon its own experience, not upon ancestral example like the Sons of the Revolution with whom it joins hands at the same time as with the Rotarians for worthy public aims.

As a brotherhood it has the fellowship of drill and hardships borne in the country's uniform. It, too, has sick and unfortunate brothers to care for, those wounded in war. But it is not a secret society. Its ritual and its works are public, its password, "Buddy."

Many other societies and brotherhoods represent a certain cross-section of people. Your grandfather may have fought in the Civil War, your father in the Spanish War and you in the World War, but you may not be a member of the Sons of the Revolution. This requires that your people must have been in this country about 150 years. That is all right. The Sons make the rules. It is their society.

Rotarians are business men and community leaders. Dinner-pail carriers are not often included.

IN the Legion the immigrant soldier who spoke broken English may be next—and the better man of the two—on the mailing list of the Weekly to the man whose ancestors were in the Colonial and Indian wars; and the man who delivers his groceries to the banker may be a member of the Legion along with the son of the banker if the son were in the World War. That is the thing that counts. It is the great fact not to be forgotten.

"And the chance?" I said to the middle-aged man. "Do you remember, as you resented your age, saying to a youngster who was off to the Training Camp, 'I wish I had your chance'?"

He thought back. Yes, he had said that, and felt it, too.

"I was too old for uniform—but I did my best," he replied, and he did. No one questions that.

The members of the Legion come from the host who had the chance. And that chance was no joke. Plenty of exercise, but little play; plenty of fireworks, but mixed with too much flying steel. No one who had the chance would have missed it. And it was very educational in a way that is not required for memberships in other societies and brotherhoods.

"But the Legion can recruit no new members," I have heard it said, "except from ex-service men. It cannot be permanent. It must die out. Look at the dwindling numbers of the G. A. R. and Confederate Veterans."

By the time this happens most of the critics of this kind will be beyond the powers of earthly criticism. A part of the Legion's strength is that it will not be going on a hundred years hence.

It is not a cross-section but a time-section drawn from the whole of the manhood that counted in the generation of able-bodied manhood in 1917-'18. Considering that the average age of ex-service men is about thirty-four, there is a lot of life left in them yet. Indeed they are only just getting started on their careers. The Legion is only on the threshold of its service.

WE shall not worry about what is to be done in 1975 but about what is to be done in 1925 and the next ten years. Proper attention to the present as groundwork is a pretty good way to look after the future. The big chance of peace, in order to make the most of the "chance" we had in 1917-'18, is coming at Saint Paul after the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Act righted an injustice. There and then the Legion can tell the world what it is going to do and lay its plans for doing it.

As a brotherhood the first duty is service to the disabled ex-service men and their dependents. If we, who were at close quarters with the cause of their misfortunes, forget them, shall we expect others in this busy world to remember them?

The fact that the Legion draws its membership from no class or cross-section or particular occupation and that it can have no part in partisan politics is a blessing. There are causes which all progressive men of all parties agree are for the good of the country. The problem is to enact them not only into law but into conduct. These the Legion can support by action and by education.

The future is with future generations. To decrease crime we must strike crime at the source of bad upbringing. If we want healthy men and women we must begin with healthy children. Improving each generation is the sure way to progress.

The son or daughter of a veteran who was robbed by a father's sacrifice of his care must have a chance with other children. Child welfare is national welfare and national strength. It is the future of civilization, and we were in uniform for the future of civilization. If we cannot do something for the children, then we are unworthy of having anything done for ourselves. At least that is how I feel, and this page expresses my feelings.

And if future generations have to go to war, are we to have the old hit-or-miss system or are we really to share in common sacrifice? Are we to see a law through Congress which drafts all men, all energy, all capital?

A big forward-looking program awaits discussion at Saint Paul. The delegates are going to the convention with a vision of their big chance to make the Legion of the future a brotherhood that will be a power for good in the land.

A Helping Hand *for the*

A group of disabled men watching while their instructor, Carl Davis, shows them something about watchmaking. Mr. Davis was himself rehabilitated under the direction of the Veterans Bureau. Fred Moore, president of the Bellevue student body, is standing second from the left

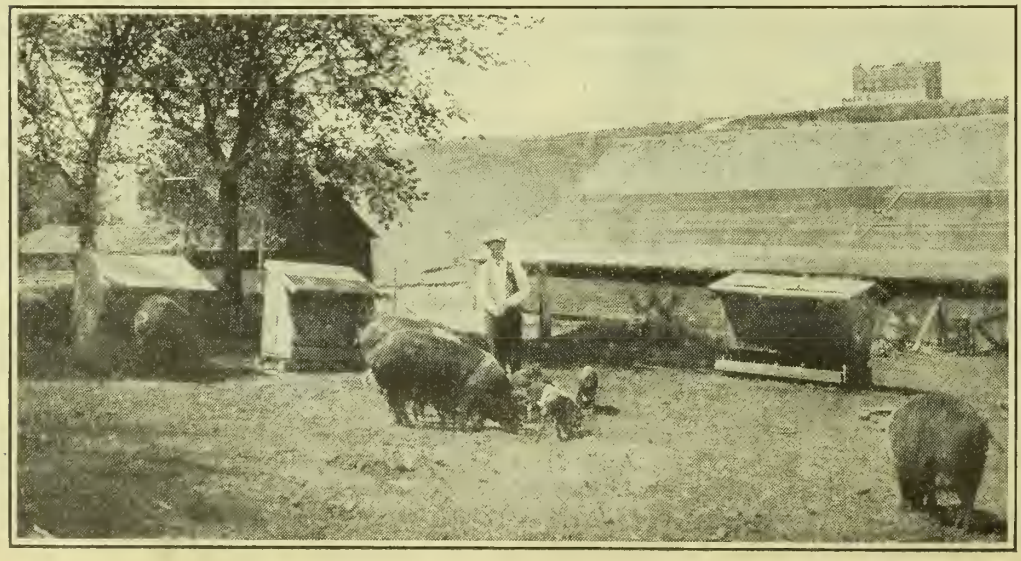
WE all know the buddy who finds the going hard after years of trying to get a start in civilian life. A shell in the Argonne, perhaps, burst close to him as he struggled forward in battle, and somehow or other he never has seemed to regain the aggressiveness and the power which he had before he floundered, dazed and helpless, in the mud. Or it may be that a slow and subtle change came over him during the anxious and hard days of 1917 and 1918, robbing him of those qualities with which nature endows most of us to fit us for the strenuous work of earning a living in competition with our fellowmen. Or it may have been something else—the after effects of poison gas, a machine-gun wound or disease which kept him in hospitals long and sapped the self-reliance he had learned before he put on the uniform.

Every Legion post knows at least one buddy who has found the life of the everyday world a Pilgrim's progress. And quietly and unostentatiously every Legion post has done what it could to help the man who needed helping. Legion members have assisted their less favored buddies to get into jobs in which they could best utilize their energies. They have helped them get a start in business projects and have swung toward them support which made those projects succeed. This help is a part of Legion everyday practice as well as tradition.

This story is going to deal with a big-scale accomplishment of the Legion and the Auxiliary in a group of midwestern States, the story of three years of friendship and assistance which has enabled hundreds of disabled men to fit themselves for new life work and has given them courage and confidence. It is going to be the story of what the Legion and the Auxiliary have meant to the more than eight hundred disabled men who since 1921 have been students in the Bellevue Vocational School of the Veterans Bureau at Bellevue, Nebraska. It is a story which is particularly worth telling now because in a few months the purpose for which the school was started will have been served and the school will close.

BELLEVUE Vocational School was started to help the disabled buddy who found the going hardest, the buddy who had disabilities which had caused him to break down in a vocational training course and the buddy who, because his ambition was higher than his abilities, had been unable to maintain standards of scholarship in keeping with the school course he had undertaken elsewhere. It was planned to assist men who had had limited educational advantages in childhood, men who often had great natural ability which, with guidance, would permit them to master even the most difficult manual vocations.

In every case it was hoped that the man



This agricultural trainee is inspecting pigs which he secured through a loan from the student body at Bellevue. His instructor helped him to build his pens, brooders and feed boxes

Second Chance

By Joe Nickell

The American Legion Auxiliary Unit of Bellevue Post, composed mostly of the wives of disabled veterans in training

could find at Bellevue the course of training best suited for him. Bellevue was made a try-out school, a school where the disabled man could try his hand at a number of occupations before selecting the one which he wished to follow. When he had made his selection, and it had been approved by his instructors, he would be permitted to take his training in one of the many other schools under the direction of the Veterans Bureau. He might stay in Bellevue school only a few weeks, or he might remain many months.

The Bellevue school is the only school of its kind in the country. It was established to serve the Ninth District of the Veterans Bureau, comprising the States of Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas. Its founder was Middleton E. Head, Ninth District Manager, who later became manager of the Second District of the Bureau, with headquarters in New York City. Last year the direction of the school was given to William P. MacLean, who had just finished a term as commander of the Kansas Department of The American Legion and had obtained national recognition by his success as superintendent of the Kansas Industrial School for Boys.

The school occupies the buildings of an old Presbyterian institution, Bellevue College, located on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River ten miles below Omaha. When the service men came to it they found good buildings, a beautiful campus with fine old shade trees and a rich farming country roundabout which provided ideal locations for agricultural and poultry training. The first disabled men—a large group—arrived in January of 1922, and before they had unpacked their bags the Legion and the Auxiliary welcomed them. The little band of disabled veterans was met at the Omaha railway station by a delegation of Legionnaires from Omaha Post and members of Omaha Post's Auxiliary Unit. The Legionnaires escorted the arriving men to the school in automobiles.

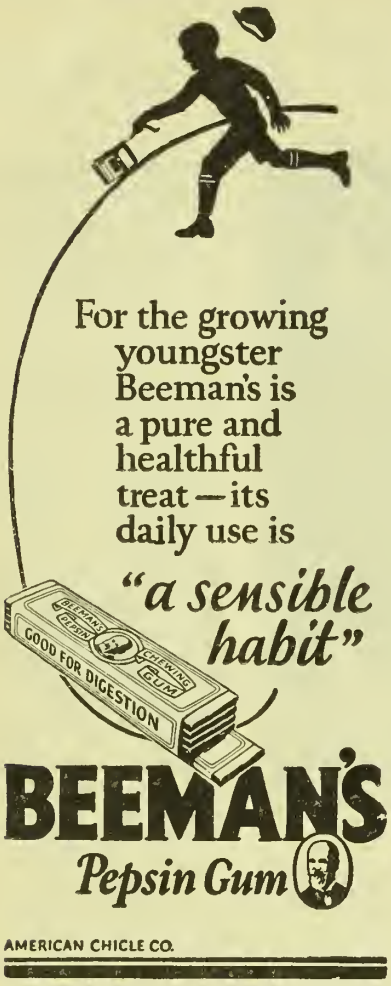
An average of 125 trainees have been at the school since that day. The try-out period lasts about sixty days, more time being granted if needed. Since the school was founded more than 850 disabled ex-service men — "problem cases," they are termed by the Bureau —have had the advantage of a try-out at Bellevue.

The vocational try-outs have given the trainees a wide range of selection. Courses have been conducted in agriculture, automobile mechanics, commercial subjects such as bookkeeping, typewriting, and salesmanship; cooking and baking, electrical engineering, drafting, highway engineering, refrigeration, welding, plumbing and heating, shoe repairing, sign painting, commercial art, watchmaking, woodworking, music, photography, linotype operating, and nearly a dozen other occupations.

THE congenial surroundings and the systematic co-operation of the Legion and the Auxiliary — the only organizations to carry on systematic programs of aid for the disabled veterans at Bellevue—have been almost as effective as the program of actual instruction.

The first step of the Legion was to furnish recreational equipment, Omaha Post gave the school nearly $500 worth of athletic equipment. The Auxiliary furnished the hostess house with pleasant decorations. The Auxiliaries of four departments—Kansas, Missouri,

The shoe shop gang, which rehabilitated thousands of cast-off army shoes sent to Bellevue for practice work. The shop has thoroughly modern equipment



No Wonder Some Folks Wear Beards!

They haven't heard about Barbasol. They don't know the modern way of shaving. Barbasol — no brush — no rub-in — no smart. Just you try it three times, according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.

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For Modern Shaving

Nebraska and Iowa—raised $1,000 which was given the students to purchase band instruments and other musical equipment. So they have their own concerts at the school.

The four departments of the Auxiliary surveyed the needs of the disabled men and went about fulfilling them in a business-like way. The heavier end was undertaken by the Departments of Iowa and Nebraska, closest to the school. Since the first days of the school an average of five large packing boxes a week have been sent to Bellevue by The American Legion Auxiliary. Cookies alone were furnished at a rate of thirty dozen a week. Officials at the school estimate that 36,000 cookies have been sent—enough cookies, if placed end to end, to reach over two miles. The Auxiliary has sent one thousand cakes. The average cake, from the top of the topmost layer to the bottom of the bottommost layer, is six inches in depth, according to the mastication system of measurements, and all of them would make a tower as high as the Washington Monument. Imagine, soldier, having the pleasure of eating one's way through cake from the top of the Washington Monument to the bottom.

But that isn't all. Many a little patriot ushered into the U. S. A. via Bellevue has been equipped with a layette of clothing furnished by Auxiliary units.

The contact work between the Auxiliary and the veterans or their wives and children hasn't been left entirely to parcel post either. There is Mrs. Bolt, of Iowa, and Mrs. McGlasson, of Nebraska. They are the service officers of their Auxiliary departments. They are typical of the kind of women who make the Auxiliary what it is, and they have given their best in time, service and money for two years for the Bellevue trainees. They are familiar figures at the school.

Last month every married trainee at Bellevue received a quilt or comforter, a pair of pillow slips and all the children's clothing needed—shoes, stockings, underwear, layettes, and other things. It was the regular monthly issue from the Auxiliary. These articles were not the left-overs or by-products of rummage sales. Almost all of them were entirely new, made by Auxiliary sewing clubs, and in many cases Legion posts furnished the materials.

But the work of the Legion really started before the trainees arrived in Bellevue. Many trainees here will tell you their compensation claims were made out and fought through by post adjutants or service officers. Many also thank the Legion and its Auxiliary for relief they received for themselves or their dependents before they were admitted to training or hospitalization, when, unable to carry on their work, they needed that helping hand which a buddy in the Legion is always ready to give a buddy whose pack has become too heavy.

It is significant that the only ex-service men's organization which ever has been formed at Bellevue is a post of the Legion, formed by the disabled men themselves. And it has a splendid Auxiliary unit, comprised mainly of the wives of the trainees at the school. It is doing fine work.

Because the personnel at the school changes constantly the Bellevue post was granted an unique charter, permitting members of other posts to affiliate with it without transfer. The right to vote and send delegates to the Nebraska department convention is enjoyed by members of the Bellevue post irrespective of their membership in other posts.

That such a dispensation was a wise one is borne out by the records of Bellevue Post. The post started in June, 1923, with eighteen members. During the past summer 90 percent of the disabled veterans at Bellevue have been members of the post. Those who belonged to other posts joined Bellevue Post by paying twenty-five cents affiliation dues; others paid the regular post dues of three dollars. The post has been a missionary organization and has converted many disabled men who had doubted the interest of the Legion in their problems.

Bellevue Post organized an excellent ritual team and the boys in the various shops made special paraphernalia for a "funny degree" in connection with initiation ceremonies. They also made huge models of Kiddie Kars for Kiddie Kar polo. Surrounding posts often have used the services of Bellevue Post. For example, Rainbow Post of Council Bluffs, Iowa, put on a membership drive which closed with an initiation of all new members by the Bellevue degree team and a championship Kiddie Kar contest won by the players from Bellevue.

Plattsmouth (Nebraska), Post and Omaha Post also were helped by the Bellevue degree team in membership drives, Omaha going over the top with more than 3,000 members, and retaining the title of the world's largest American Legion post.

Other posts and delegations of Legion or Auxiliary officials are frequent visitors. Last month the post and Auxiliary unit of Schuyler, Nebraska, drove in eleven cars a distance of ninety miles to spend the day with the Bellevue Legionnaires.

The entertainments provided by the Legion and the auxiliary have been one of the principal recreational features at the school. Another has been the regular weekly picture show, for which the Nebraska and Iowa departments of the Auxiliary have furnished most of the funds.

Another medium of assistance has been found through the use of the student body fund. This fund is kept up by payments of fifty cents a month by the students, supplemented by contributions from the Legion, the Auxiliary and individual Legionnaires. It is used as a revolving loan fund and almost every student has borrowed money from it.

Veterans Bureau figures show that at least eighty percent of the so-called problem cases which have come to Bellevue have found the vocation in which they could be successfully rehabilitated. To appreciate the significance of this it must be remembered that these men once had despaired, because of their disabilities, of finding an occupation in which they might earn a livelihood for themselves and their families. Of the other twenty percent all have had the opportunity to try in every way possible to find such a vocation, and when they have realized that their disabilities constituted permanent bars to effective work in the world at large they have been satisfied to accept government compensation which frees them from worry about the future.

By the Legion, for the Town

(*Continued from page 9*)

location of every single tree and the course of every drive. The post spent $800 tilling and grading the tract and preparing the lawns. A memorial drive was constructed, lined with American elms dedicated to the memory of the men of the town who had died in service or after being discharged. The post built a baseball diamond for the use of the high-school and Boy Scout teams and all the other teams of the community. It built also tennis courts, free to every tennis player in the town. It established a beach and erected a temporary bathhouse, setting aside space on which a more pretentious permanent bathhouse will be built later. A tourist camp, for the use of travelers by automobile, was provided.

In all this work the post had the generous support of its townsmen. When it had finished planting three hundred trees and was taking up the work of graveling the thirty-foot-wide Memorial Drive it asked for volunteers to help in the work. Seventy-three men with shovels answered the call. They brought with them twenty-three carts and several motor trucks. The Auxiliary members, true to form, served a hot lunch for the workers, and a buttermaker supplied all the buttermilk the shovel squads could drink.

For its work in establishing the park and recreation field, Cokato Post has been awarded a silver loving cup by the Department of Minnesota, the first prize in a community service competition open to all the posts of the State.

Perhaps in Cokato, as in most American communities, there were those who wondered when the war ended how the returned soldiers and sailors would use their united energy. There may have been some who believed that American communities already had too many organizations and that the Legion would prove only one more ornament on an already highly-decorated tree of civic life. Nobody has these thoughts today. Cokato Post, like its counterparts in thousands of other American towns and cities, stands on its record of things done.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

WAR SERVICE NURSES—Nurses going through Chicago on way to St. Paul convention are invited to call at the Chicago Nurses Club, 116 So. Michigan Ave., where Jane A. Delano Post will maintain an information desk.

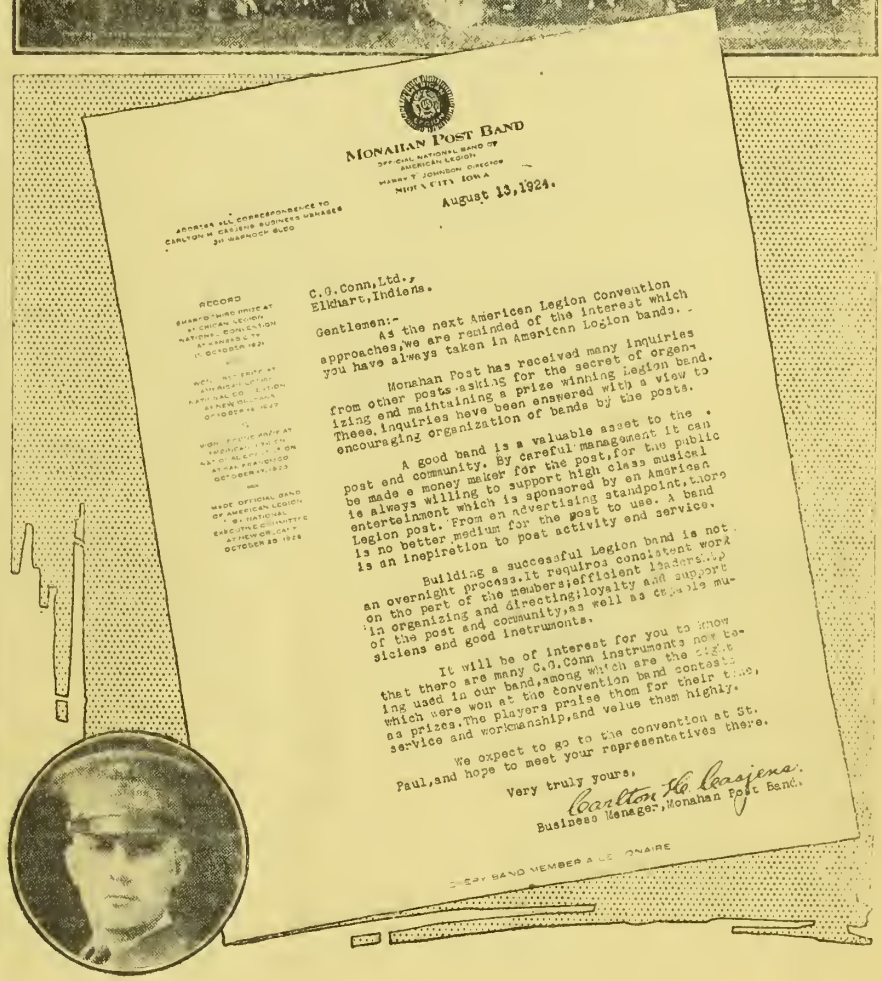
418TH TEL. BN., S. C.—Tentative date for reunion is Sept. 15. Address C. H. Robillard, 491 Kissel Ave., New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

"LOST LEGION"—American medical officers who served with British E. F. will have headquarters with Dr. W. A. R. Chapin of Massachusetts delegation at Legion convention in St. Paul, Sept. 15-19.

314TH INF.—Fifth annual reunion at Hotel Traylor, Allentown, Pa., Sept. 19-21. Address John G. Smedley, 518 Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, or George Vogel, 1141 Hamilton St., Allentown.

EVACUATION HOSPITAL No. 6—Annual reunion in Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 20-22. Address Chaplain A. C. Hoover, Westfield, Ind., or J. Danby Conwell, 1030 City Centre Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

314TH AMBULANCE CO., 79TH DIV.—Second reunion at Black Cat in Annapolis, Md., Sept. 26. Address George A. Myers, West St., Annapolis.



MONAHAN POST BAND
OFFICIAL NATIONAL BAND OF AMERICAN LEGION
HARRY T. JOHNSON, DIRECTOR
SIOUX CITY, IOWA

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO CARLTON W. CASJENS BUSINESS MANAGER 311 WARNOCK BLDG

August 13,1924.

C.G.Conn,Ltd.,
Elkhart,Indiana.

Gentlemen:-

As the next American Legion Convention approaches,we are reminded of the interest which you have always taken in American Legion bands.

Monahan Post has received many inquiries from other posts asking for the secret of organizing and maintaining a prize winning Legion band. These inquiries have been answered with a view to encouraging organization of bands by the posts.

A good band is a valuable asset to the post and community. By careful management it can be made a money maker for the post,for the public is always willing to support high class musical entertainment which is sponsored by an American Legion post. From an advertising standpoint,there is no better medium for the post to use. A band is an inspiration to post activity and service.

Building a successful Legion band is not an overnight process.It requires consistent work on the part of the members;efficient leadership in organizing and directing;loyalty and support of the post and community,as well as capable musicians and good instruments.

It will be of interest for you to know that there are many C.G.Conn instruments now being used in our band,among which are the eight which were won at the convention band contests as prizes.The players praise them for their tone, service and workmanship,and value them highly.

We expect to go to the convention at St. Paul,and hope to meet your representatives there.

Very truly yours,
Carlton W. Casjens
Business Manager,Monahan Post Band.

Above are seen the famous Monahan Post Band, their letter to Conn, and a photo of Harry T. Johnson, the director.

YOUR POST, TOO, CAN WRITE A LETTER LIKE THIS

Every American Legion Post in the country can profit through a band and orchestra. There isn't an American Legion Post that cannot have a band and orchestra and write as enthusiastic a letter as the one above from Monahan Post, Sioux City, Iowa.

Conn, Ltd., will help you organize and equip your post band. All you need is the incentive and a leader. With the incentive and someone to direct it towards a definite goal, you can have an organization of musicians that will increase your prestige in the community, help enlarge your membership and turn-outs for Legion functions, besides making a profit.

Get in touch with some of the Legion band leaders at your state and national conventions. Ask them how they did it, and how much their bands have meant to them. Then write our Band Service Department and we will gladly help you get your own band or orchestra into shape without any obligation.

Get your band ready for next year's contest!

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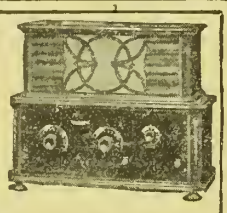

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Solicits as a member of the old established firm of MILO B. STEVENS & CO., the business of his fellow Legionnaires and of their friends. We offer a strictly professional service at moderate fees. Preliminary advice without charge. Send sketch or model for examination. Offices, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 338 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ills. Leader Bldg., Cleveland.

Will Germany's Veterans be Invited to Join the FIDAC?

TWO years ago, while The American Legion was holding its Fourth Annual Convention at New Orleans, the representatives of eight million service men of seven countries held in that city the third Congress of the Inter-Allied Veterans' Association and proclaimed to the world the principles upon which the men who fought the World War believe the future peace of the world must be founded. They declared that these principles must prevail if the nations which have so recently emerged from one mutually disastrous war are to save themselves from being dragged into another world conflict:

The fullest publicity must be given to all international agreements.

International law, based upon treaties and adhered to in good faith, must govern the relations between nations.

Territorial aggrandizement by stronger peoples is the breeder of war and must be opposed.

Huge armies must be denounced, budgets must be balanced, exchanges stabilized and international commerce resumed.

Propaganda for the overthrowing by force of governments existing by the will of the people must be suppressed.

Friendly and co-operative bureaus should be formed in the various nations to check destructive propaganda.

A world court should be established to outlaw war.

Next week in London the representatives of the eight million fighting men of seven countries will assemble again. The Inter-Allied Veterans' Association—the FIDAC—holding its fifth annual congress, will determine how, under conditions as they now are, the Allied veterans of the world may best exert their united influence for world peace.

One of the most important questions to be decided by the London congress, which opens on September 15th, is the advisability of admitting to membership in the association the veterans' societies of former enemy countries. At the Congress held in Brussels last year, the then National Commander of The American Legion, Alvin Owsley, proposed that they should be admitted to the FIDAC. This year a resolution will be presented by the British Legion requesting that a committee be appointed to determine which one of the many veterans' societies of the former enemy countries is best qualified for membership. A similar resolution will be presented by the Union Fédérale, the largest French service men's society.

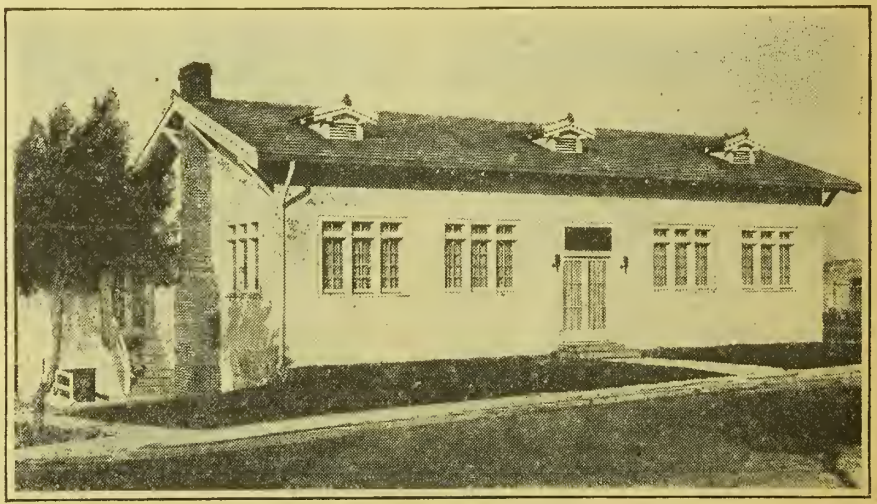
The French service men's organization will also submit to the London congress a resolution recommending the documentation of official records of all nations bearing on the causes of the World War and the circumstances attending its development. The archives of most of the governments which took part in the war have already been opened for historical research. The British Legion will support a resolution urging that the FIDAC use its influence to remove prejudice against the League of Nations in the United States. The Union Fédérale will also submit a resolution endorsing the League.

For the purpose of increasing the strength and prestige of the international federation, the British Legion will ask the congress to establish an international organization of women, to be affiliated with the Federation, and will propose that the existing women's auxiliary organizations of the veterans' societies be included in the new body.

The French delegates will present a resolution endorsing the United States adjusted compensation law.

Many other resolutions will be considered by the Congress. One proposes the publication of a quarterly bulletin by the Federation, to be widely circulated among all the constituent organizations. Another recommends that closer liaison be maintained by correspondence among the societies of the different countries to bring about closer co-operation and understanding.

The FIDAC is composed of veterans' societies of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Serbia and the United States.



El Segundo (California) Post had enough technicians and mechanics in its membership to put this beautiful clubhouse together without outside help. When the property is free of debt, which won't be so far in the future, it is to be dedicated to the service of the community as well as that of the Legion

Come Among Friends

(*Continued from page 7*)

My men looked dubious. The woman may have dreamed.

"He talked French?" I asked.

"Oui, Monsieur—" the woman talked nothing else.

I began to doubt that this was an American; each person to whom he had spoken insisted on his excellent French. And their descriptions varied. One farmer claimed that he was tall. Another insisted that he was hunched over, as if he had been wounded. The gendarmes said he had a calm face, that he was a clear-visaged American. Others described him as haggard, some as scowling. He wore captain's bars on his shoulder and cap, and a Sam Browne belt. And he carried a pistol in it!

We went on with our search. Shortly after ten o'clock there sounded far to the south the short, repeated cough of revolver fire. We broke our beating formation and hurried through two kilos of woodland to the road where our men were watching. Others of the patrols, hearing the commotion, had raced around the edges of the forest. Three of our cars met.

A thick grain field yellowed in the sun across the highway. Operator Dubac, on watch under a beech tree, had seen a man hitch on his side out of the woods and crawl across the road. He ordered him to halt. The man, in American uniform, fled into the wheat. Dubac fired. We blundered through the grain, twenty of us, French and Americans. The fugitive had escaped. All day we hunted—not a sign of Captain Jules Berenger.

We were puzzled when dusk came. Were we hunting one man or three? Perhaps this staff officer who rented stables for American mounts was one individual, the attacker another. Altogether the affair was beyond all rule. Then hysterical peasants reported the next alarm.

A French farmer, walking home on a road five miles north, had been attacked and overpowered by an American, who searched his pockets, took nothing, and then slipped into a cover of undergrowth. We turned our hunt north. The next victim was a member of our own party, a gendarme riding alone on a bicycle, who was struck on the head, thrown into the ditch, and his bicycle taken.

At dawn next morning—half of my men had slept in the gendarmerie—I established headquarters on a high hill, where I might overlook the entire countryside. There were more in our searching party now—Frenchmen armed with pitchforks, frightened but terrifying.

Before nine o'clock the mysterious Captain Berenger appeared again. But we did not see him. This time he presented himself at the great castle south of Sablé. He had traveled ten miles in the night. There, calmly, he walked to the back door, begged for a drink of milk, and courteously thanked the servants who, because they were too frightened to refuse, gave it to him.

A score of men went streaking across fields to the castle, and we shifted our headquarters to the village at the foot of the gray old chateau. It was an untidy, unfriendly town, where a cross Madame gave us luke-warm *cafe au lait*

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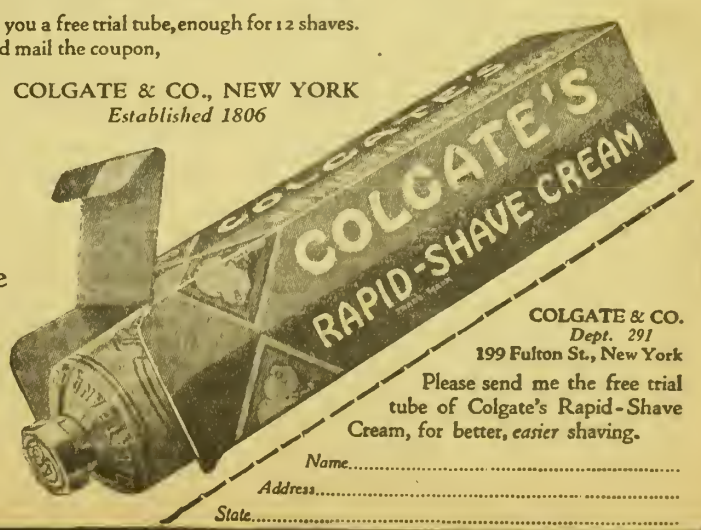

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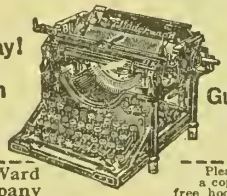

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in the door of the inn where we stopped for breakfast. The street was shuttered, eyes to cracks, here and there a rifle.

I was still in the village street when a Frenchman came running, with terror a-spur on his legs. An American had chased him out of his own barnyard not ten minutes before. We repaired to the barnyard. Captain Jules Berenger was gone.

All day we searched, with no success until evening. And then, in a muddy field, a D. C. I. sergeant picked up a queer, wet document. It was a map of the countryside, such as you could purchase at any stationer's. But drawn across it, in zigzag lines, was the course our fugitive had run, with crosses that showed the places where he had attacked the civilians; others the meaning of which we did not understand. The line ended in the barnyard of the Frenchman who had hurried so valiantly to save himself that morning.

It was so strange, so unreal, so senseless that we nearly gave up. Dark was coming on the second night—this time our forces should be scattered! With the chiefs of the two gendarmerie posts we spread our men over ten kilos of countryside, billeting them with peasants who were glad for the protection of official guns.

At eight o'clock the next morning, while we still dallied, waiting for the report of a new outrage, a noisy hammering of guns began in the direction of the barnyard where the last frightened peasant had seen the man we hunted. I knew that it was a calm head on duty there: Corporal Oscar Jacob would not fire at a phantom.

We hurried across fences, all of us from all directions. And there in a muddy field Captain Jules Berenger, poor, brave, senseless patriot, tried to win, single-handed, another battle for the glory of the States.

It was a broad, open space, with a pair of stone fences meeting in the far corner, in a little growth of oak and beech trees. Crawling low, their revolvers in their hands, Jacob and Dubac and the brigadier of the Sablé gendarmes were making for the woods. From other sides other men closed in.

There was a motion in the trees, and a figure broke from cover. Dubac was up now, plunging toward him, his loose civilian coat flapping as he ran. The gendarme followed, and Jacob, halting for a moment, calmly to survey the terrain, cut out to head the fellow off.

The man turned. He was in American uniform. I could tell that even as far away as I was. He pointed his weapon at Dubac. That wily little operator dropped into the mud, and two, three, four shots from the stranger's automatic echoed across the countryside. Then Dubac fired once, offside, I thought to frighten.

Our captive was huddled in a heap on the ground when we came up to him, a lean young fellow with blonde hair. His right shoulder was nicked by one of the bullets, scarcely deep enough to break the skin. He was lying on his face, and as we turned him over I saw his lips quiver and tears squeeze down out of his eyes. They unclosed finally, light blue eyes—looking out with the wild, unseeing stare that comes from mental disorder.

He sobbed—and did nothing else!

"Americans!" he said at last. "Americans!"

"Of course. Who are you?"

"I am Private Berenger. When did I cross the line?"

"What line?" we asked, all of us.

"My own," he whispered, "the American. I have been a captive. I have been trying to get back. The Heinies—"

He closed his eyes. Gendarmes and American police looked at each other bewilderedly. So this was the desperate character for whom we had been scouring the countryside, a broken, starved psychopathic!

"Poor devil!" a sergeant said finally.

Berenger sat up, wiping his eyes like a child, and began to talk again foolishly of the stables he was to build.

He slept happily that night in Camp Hospital 52 at Le Mans. And around drowsy Sablé awed peasants lighted their candles and stayed up late to repeat the story. This man they had called barbarian! He had not meant to harm them! He was only a poor *fou* with a feather in his hair!

Berenger rested several weeks in the camp psychopathic ward in Le Mans. Meanwhile, from the commanding officer of the hospital in Blois, we learned that our runaway was an American citizen of French-Canadian birth, who had been taken captive by the Germans a year and a half before. His mind had broken while he did mean chores in a German stockade, and the Germans transferred him in the first delivery of prisoners. A group of psychopathic cases had been removed from Blois to Brest for shipment home, when Private Berenger stole the uniform of a captain in the medical corps and escaped.

It was one hundred and fifty miles from Brest to the forest where we found him. He had scrambled that distance on foot, playing his pitiful game, fighting every Frenchman he saw because he thought him a German, struggling back to his own mythical lines. There were two delusions tormented him. Part of the time he escaped from prison, and again, on calmer days, he was buying hay and staking camp sites.

We were Germans pursuing, so he fancied. Of all the queer sights of that chase—the old French farmer growling on his bed, the scared gendarme limping back without his bicycle, the black looks of the villagers in their untidy street, Dubac flopping down into the mud to dodge unfriendly bullets—there is one that has no humor.

And that was the pathetic relief in his poor, tired, mad eyes, when Jules Berenger looked up, haunted by delusions, and recognized American uniforms. He had won. He had come among friends!

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

JOHN R. CORNWELL, *Albert J. Hamilton Post, Bellingham, Wash.* Drowned Aug. 11, aged 27. Home at Lincolnton, N. C. Served with 11th M. G. Bn., 4th Div.

JAMES L. EVANS, *Frank W. Sidler Post, Danville, Pa.* D. July 20, aged 29. Served with Medical Corps at Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.

W. DONALD EYNON, *Brown & Lynch Post, Easton, Pa.* Killed Aug. 10 in automobile accident, aged 25. Served at Camp Lafayette, Easton.

HENRY A. FOLLMAN, *Albert J. Hamilton Post, Bellingham, Wash.* D. Aug. 15, aged 27. Served in U. S. Navy.

JAMES F. NEVILLE, JR., *Signal Post, New York City.* D. Aug. 16. Served with Co. E, 102d Eng., 27th Div.

His Name is John Quinn

(*Continued from page 5*)

The National Commander laying the cornerstone of Memorial Post's clubhouse at Orlando, Florida. The posts in various parts of the country had Mr. Quinn do a good deal of that sort of thing

else except read every word of the proceedings of the National Convention at San Francisco—he did this coming East on the train—and make copious notes on them, Mr. Quinn buckled down at Indianapolis and learned the details of the headquarters organization. This was no small job. Then he announced that this would be his post of duty.

"No use for me to go running over the country," he said. "I can't make a speech, and this isn't the time to learn. I'm going to stay right here as much as possible, keep a bird's-eye view of the whole situation in my mind all the time, and do what I can to get done the things we want to do."

Mr. Quinn, of course, was persuaded to depart from this plan somewhat. Legislative work constantly required his presence in Washington, where his advice was sought by the officials, and on one or two memorable occasions he had to go out and stump parts of the country. He always grumbled about this, and declared he saw no reason why he should be trying to make a three-ring circus of himself, as he put it.

"Now, if I could just go out and meet the boys without trying to show off making a speech—"

But it became plain that there were so many boys to meet that he would have to take them in wholesale lots, and such meetings amounted to formal occasions.

And those speeches which Mr. Quinn dreaded so, and always ran down—they rang the bell. I don't suppose there is a more critical audience for oratory in the world than that comprised of the members of the National Press Club in Washington. If anyone gets fed up on speeches it is a Washington correspondent. If any audience in the world is unawed by dignity of office and title, if any audience can sift wheat from chaff in a harvest of spoken words, it is an audience of those same case-hardened customers. Well, John Quinn spoke one night to the members of the National Press Club. He not only held their interest; he turned the tide in the "bonus" campaign.

Mr. Quinn doesn't accept any credit for himself for anything that has been done while he is in office.

If one points out that National Headquarters started his year with the smallest budget in Legion history and has kept within that budget, he says it was the division heads who did it.

"They do the work around here. I tell them what to do, and butt in and give advice sometimes; but they do the work, and if I don't watch out I get the credit. That isn't right."

If one mentions that the Quinn year

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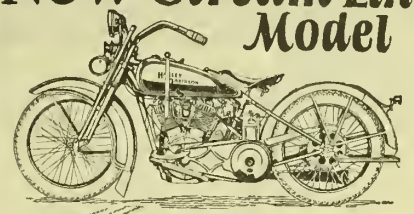

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invoice of national accomplishments is particularly heavy, Mr. Quinn points out:

"You fail to take into consideration what all of my predecessors in office have done. They started all of these things and carried them a long way over some rough roads. I came along, gave them a little push and they went over, that's all."

Quinn is six feet three inches tall. He speaks with a Western drawl. His movements are very deliberate; there is a sort of ponderous dignity about them. Quinn is not hasty about announcing decisions, and when he announces a decision he speaks homely English in that deliberate way of his which gives the impression that here is a thing the Commander has turned over in his mind about a thousand times. Sometimes he has, but often not. Sometimes he has flipped it over in his mind about once, because Quinn's mind works rapidly.

Like most men who have got somewhere in life, Mr. Quinn is a great hand to seek advice, to consult and discuss with others—and particularly with people who are likely to take a point of view opposite to his own. A better-natured mortal than John Quinn you never saw. He can reconcile conflicting views, sometimes by telling a funny story. He can dive down to fundamentals and bring disagreeing men together nine times out of ten. When he tackles a situation which is new to him he sends for men who know about it and asks them to talk to him. If it's a complicated matter he sends for three or four people. Sometimes he sends half way across the United States to get the right ones. He listens while they talk, rarely speaking himself. Maybe he is fiddling with a pencil or looking out of the window. But he doesn't miss a word and he is thinking all the time. Sometimes he is thinking away ahead of the man who is talking.

Quinn has an informal Western way about him which is the natural foe of reserve. Know him a few days and you feel that you have known him all your life. You are speaking of him as "John Quinn," just as though you had been pronouncing that name since your earliest recollection. "John Quinn" somehow fits. Strangers look the Commander up, inquiring for "John Quinn." Another designation that has stuck is "Old Man Quinn's son." Roundabout Delano, John is "Old Man Quinn's son." Quinn's father, Harry Quinn, is a character in his part of California. He is eighty-one years old and dean of the ranchmen. His methods have been successful. He is a man looked up to, quoted and patterned after. What Old Man Quinn does or says invariably is about right. To be "Old Man Quinn's son" in Kern County is to be somebody. The phrase has spread East, somehow, and strangers come to Indianapolis looking not for the National Commander of The American Legion, but for Old Man Quinn's son.

John Quinn Kessinger of Ronceverte, West Virginia, one of the many children whose daddies and mothers regarded the name of the 1923-'24 Legion head as a good one to hand down to at least one more generation

Mr. Quinn and the incriminating straw hat. The scene is South Dakota and the buddies are officials of that department. Next to the Commander on the back seat is Luther B. Stephens, Past Commander of the South Dakota Legion. On the front seat, left to right, Jay H. Williams, also a Past Commander, and Russell Halley, Vice-Commander

Last May the Commander stopped off at Manhattan, Kansas, for a few minutes. The mayor of the town welcomed him at the depot, and the Legion post was there. Mr. Quinn shook hands all around, and just as the train was ready to pull out the driver of a big oil truck which had been standing nearby swung off his machine and pushed through the crowd.

"Is this Old Man Quinn's son?" he inquired.

"It is."

The inquirer hauled off an oily driving glove.

"Put 'er there," he said.

Then without another word to anyone he shoved back through the crowd, boarded his truck and stepped on the gas.

It appears that the truck driver was a member of Manhattan Post who couldn't afford to quit work and dress up for the occasion. He did manage, however, to get around to the station to look the Commander over. And, having looked, he decided, in his independent Western way, that here was a man he ought to meet, clothes or no clothes.

Mr. Quinn got back to California on Legion business last June and the officials of the posts around Sacramento threw him a dinner and gave him a silver fruit set. The presentation was made by Marco Zarrick, who is making a name for himself in those parts as a jury lawyer. Zarrick was in Captain Quinn's battery—F Battery of the 348th Field Artillery—and he was the first corporal Quinn ever made. Speaking as a former enlisted man in Quinn's battery, he paid his old captain a tribute which brought tears to the eyes of the National Commander.

In his travels the Commander has used about every sort of conveyance except an airplane. When he took office he promised Mrs. Quinn he would stay out of flying machines. Once or twice, rather than miss an appointment, he was sorely tempted to take to the air, but he had a pretty hard-boiled secretary who threatened to tell Mrs. Quinn on him if he did—so he didn't.

One time the Commander was coming into a Far Western town by automobile when the car was held up about two miles from the city limits by a party of mounted men who looked for all the world like cowboys. They wore the broad hats of plainsmen, chaps, boots and all the rest. The Commander was invited to leave his automobile and ride into town in a manner more becoming an ex-cowpuncher.

Mr. Quinn mounted a spare horse that had been brought for him and jogged off. But to the schooled eye of a man who has been raised in a saddle there seemed something phoney about the detail. His escort did not quite look the part of rancheros. Quinn spurred his horse and gave it its head. The animal leaped forward. The escort followed suit. Quinn increased his mount's speed to a dead run and when he reached town there was no escort. They were further down the road, some on their horses, and some off. They weren't cowboys at all, but Legionnaires about town who thought it would be a good idea to welcome the Commander in cowboy style. It was a good idea, too. It was instructive. A lot of Eastern people otherwise might never have known that all the young bloods west of the Mississippi are not qualified saddle-hardened rodeo artists.

In the adjusted compensation fight the Legion's organized opposition came from the influential business interests. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States acted in a directing capacity for these groups. When Quinn came into office it was evident that he had the fight of his life on his hands to guide the "bonus" to victory. He knew he would cross swords robustly with the Chamber. On his first trip to New York Commander Quinn received an invitation to call from Julius H. Barnes, president of the Chamber. Mr. Quinn called.

"Mr. Barnes," he said. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I wanted to see you and I wanted you to see me. I have no hoofs or horns. I am going to lead the Legion's fight for the Adjusted Compensation Bill, and I am going to fight just as hard as I know how because adjusted compensation is right. But we are going to fight fair. There will be no personalities and no mud-slinging. If we win we win, and if we lose we lose, but we will have the satisfaction of knowing we have put up a clean fight."

Mr. Barnes said he could understand language like that, and said Mr. Quinn's statements went for him also. There is nothing to indicate that, personally, he did not stick to the agreement. But there were times in the heat of the contest when it seemed to some of the Legion people that other elements of the opposition were not toting fair exactly.

"Now, don't lose your tempers, boys," Quinn would counsel the commanders of his shock troops. "Nobody ever did anything sensible when he was mad. Let the other fellow get mad, but let us keep serene and not call anybody hard names."

Aaron Sapiro, chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, on the eve of the passage of the bill over Mr. Coolidge's veto—while the result was still uncertain—summed up the situation in a letter in these words:

"We have done our best with the duties assigned to us. If our work has warranted criticism that criticism belongs entirely to the chairman in his personal capacity as the responsible head of the committee. If the work of the Legislative Committee succeeds to any extent the credit belongs to the National Commander for his inspiring leadership, and to John Thomas Taylor for his rare and deft acumen in handling the delicate situations which make or unmake legislative actions at Washington."

I submit that paragraph as typical of the kind of men who work for Quinn and work with him. It has the Quinn touch. Nobody claiming any credit for himself—and least of all does John Quinn ever claim credit for what has been done while he led the Legion. He gives all of the credit to his associates, and they give it all to him. Life is pleasant under such conditions.

Of the many honors which have been bestowed upon him as National Commander of the Legion, Mr. Quinn is touched most by the babies who have been named for him. There have been a good many of them. The roster affords some sprightly combinations—such as John Quinn O'Rafferty and John Quinn Silverstein. If there is anything in a name, those youngsters ought to grow into good upstanding citizens.

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Paste this in your hat: Be sure to investigate RADIOLITE when at the Convention. RADIOLITE renews old batteries and keeps new batteries new, and makes real money for you. Thoroughly proved by 3 years' use.

Another To Do At Home

If you do not come to St. Paul, write today for the RADIOLITE Free Demonstration Offer.

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OUR LAST ENEMY

By Nathaniel Peffer

The AD SHOP

"LOOK for the label," says the advertiser. And we're looking!

Americans are naturally the greatest label hunters on earth. The open season for advertised labels is always here.

We judge by the label because advertising has schooled us to do it.

* * *

There is one big section of the American public which has enjoyed special, intensive training in the art of spotting labels.

When you were issued a ditty bag at the naval training station in 1917, an old sea dog of two months' (shore) experience tried to teach you the difference between the insignia of a lieutenant, junior grade, and a chief petty officer.

You were told what sort of sleeve stripes rated a salute and what did not. Forthwith you became a label shark. At least, you did after one or two experiences in mistaking a lieutenant commander for a chief yeoman, or an ensign for a corporal of marines.

* * *

Those service labels often told a story with the veracity and completeness of a well known advertising trade mark.

A set of first sergeant's chevrons needed no further explanation. Generally the wearer looked the part. But he didn't have to have the expansive chest, determined tread and snap-into-it bark of a traditional top-kick. Somehow you felt that the wearer of *that* label had qualified for his job. When he mildly suggested that you seize a broom, you remembered the label and complied.

There were other army brands which advertised the man and his characteristics with fair accuracy. The chaplain's insignia had its effect upon the general tone of conversation anywhere. A bugler's had quite a different but an equally noticeable effect.

But all the labels were not to be bought at the army goods' emporium. A staff colonel was still a staff colonel, even under a cold shower. A fresh-laid second lieutenant was equally self-conscious, whether comin' thro' the rye, or barbed wire.

* * *

New readers of The American Legion Weekly are respectfully urged to adopt the habit of looking for the label—even as you did with your saluting wing at alert when you were on shore leave at Norfolk or Brest. Or any other place where your hand moved up and down like a patent meat chopper.

Look for the labels of advertisers in The Weekly. Keep them in mind when you are making purchases. These advertisers are friends of the Legion Family. They have invested in our paid-space columns in the confidence that their support will be reciprocated. They offer values. That is why we should patronize those who advertise with us.

* * *

The education of our readers in the art of label recognition has been carried on by The Weekly ever since it was started.

In its advertising columns, The Weekly has presented many advertisers whose firm names and brands spell merit and reliability.

Readers of The Weekly remember these advertised labels when shopping. Tests demonstrate the truth of this statement.

Likewise, the big army of Legionnaires who are in business for themselves as merchants are more than favorably disposed toward advertisers in The Weekly. This is not sentiment. These dealers know something about The Weekly's big bona fide circulation and its peculiarly effective consumer influence. They have seen advertised-in-The-Weekly goods move from their shelves into the hands of consumers.

When our advertising representatives say to the manufacturer, "Increase Your Sales in 1925 by advertising in The Weekly," Legionnaire dealers add in a chorus: "We'll help you do it!"

(signed) Buddy
THE AD-MAN

Bursts *and* Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City

All Out!

Temporary Total: "If I go to that government dentist again, I'll have a Pullman mouth."

Permanent Total: "Pull it."

"No lowers and only a couple of uppers."

In Military Parlance

Willie: "Mother, may I talk like a soldier?"

Willie's Mother: "Why, yes, dear, if you want to."

"Then, damn it, shove the butter over here!"

The Objective

First Bachelor: "Wish I had enough money to get married."

Second Bachelor: "What would you want to do that for?"

"I wouldn't. I'd buy a car."

The Four Flusher

"Teacher, where's longitude?" asked Johnny, as he studied his geography lesson.

"East and west of Greenwich."

"And where latitude?"

"North and south of the equator."

Johnny (under his breath): "Don't she hate like the devil to admit there's anything she doesn't know?"

Practical

North: "So you wrote a book on how to abolish poverty?"

West: "Yes. It was the only way I could think of."

Laudable Ambition

"I wanna vote for me cousin Dinny," remarked the large Irish woman to the election judge in the Thirty-first precinct on the occasion of casting her first ballot.

"What's he running for?" queried the judge.

"Wot's he runnin' fer?" repeated Norah. "Why, ter beat the dirty little spalpeen that's runnin' ag'in him, av coorse!"

Tough on the Natives

Author: "At this point of the story, the boat's crew was marooned and later captured by a tribe of head-hunters."

She: "Just think! Those cannibals must have had navy beans for a week!"

First to Fight

Divorce Judge: "What proof have you that it was always your husband who started these family rows?"

Mrs. L. Neck: "He's a Marine."

And Also Wormwood

"Alphonse, yo'-all rec'lect dem markers ovah dar what de Frenchmen used tuh mark kilometers? What yo' done call 'em —milestones?"

"Milestones in France, man? What's in yo haid ain't. Dem's Gaul stones."

A Fortunate Financier

"Your young man seems to be a lavish spender," remarked her dad, observing her fresh bouquet of American Beauties, "but tell me, what has he laid away?"

"Two rich aunts and three wealthy nephews, or vice versa," replied his daughter, deftly applying the final fleck of powder to her countenance.

Added Impetus

First Gentleman of Color: "Whaffo' yo' runnin' so, boy?"

Second Likewise: "Ah done jes' seed a ghost!"

"Whar?"

"'Bout six mile back."

"Huh! Yo' dat much skeered o' ghostes?"

"Not or'n'ry ghostes—nossuh! But Ah done owed dat ghost a dollar eighty-seben!"

Curiosity

"And now," said the minister, concluding a talk before the Sunday school, "are there any questions you wish to ask?"

"Yes, sir," piped an urchin who had watched him intently, "do you wear a shirt under that thing?"

Why doesn't the old home town erect a memorial something like this— instead of this to its poor boy who won fame and fortune in the big city?

Produce the Evidence

Lawyer: "The whisky they sell now is criminal."

Judge: "Well, I'm willing to give it a fair trial."

The Seven Rages of Man

Prohibition
Work
Bills
Congress
Taxes
Reformers
Women

The Deciding Factor

The single lady of uncertain years had captured a burglar.

"I've a good notion to call the police," she said.

"Please, mum," pleaded the miscreant, "I've got a wife and three children."

"My mind is made up," declared the lady emphatically. "I *will* call the police!"

The Weaker Sex

"They tell me Simpson had quite a scrap with his wife last night."

"What was wrong with him?"

"I didn't hear."

"Liquor, do you suppose?"

"No, she licked him."

A Chance to Show

Lady (at back door): "You an actor? You don't look it. What did you do on the stage?"

Tramp: "Impersonations. I could impersonate anything. Just let me inside your pantry, for instance, and I'll give a perfect impersonation of a vacuum cleaner."

"Indeed? Well, here's my pet bloodhound. Let's see you give an impersonation of Zev."

Mixed Foursomes

Mary caught a little crab
Upon her little toe,
Whereon she sat down in the sand,
And wouldn't bathe no mo'.

The touring car needs gas and oil;
The motor truck—same kind;
The push cart needs no gas or oil,
For the motor's on behind.

—*J. P. R.*

A Social Cut

First Barber: "Who's that fellow just left your chair? Friend of yours?"

Second Barber: "No. Just an acquaintance I scraped."

Getting Even

Gus White, dusky ex-doughboy, had just joined the local all-colored troop.

"Got homesick for the Army, did you, Gus?" asked a friend.

"Nossuh, 'twarn't zackly dat. But do yo'-all know that no 'count Sam Black?"

"Yes, he's an officer in the troop."

"Dat's him. Well, suh, de reason Ah done j'ined up is so's Ah kin have de opportunity of not salutin' dat Sam Black."

Gracious Me!

"Now, isn't that just like a man?" ejaculated Mrs. Brown, as Phyllis passed with her new boyish bob.

Too Ambitious

"How did Sapley happen to sever his connection so quickly with the Ohokum Oil Company?"

"Oh, he couldn't let well enough alone. He took one of those memory courses, and right after that he was subpoenaed to testify in a Congressional investigation."

In the Daylight

Rastus (who has been accused of fleecing a neighbor): "'Tain' so, youah honah, 'tain' so.' Ah's as hones' as de day is long."

His Accuser: "So he am, jedge—dese Janooary days, suh, dese Janooary days!"

Ho!

Ho, Buddy, ho! The March winds blow,
Saturdays, Sundays, Mondays.
Expose the while the latest style
In stockings and silk undies.

—*J. P. R.*

Too Permanent

Father: "Well, never mind, dear. Bobby was naughtier, but the boy will only be young once."

Tired mother: "I know, but he's young so long!"

Took It to Heart

Wife: "Did you miss your train?"

Husband: "Rather. I didn't know what to do without it."

Here They Are!

The Latest SONG and DANCE HITS

$2.98 FOR ALL Sixteen

16 Wonderful Selections on Eight Double-Face 10-Inch Records

These Sparkling New Dance Hits

Somebody Loves Me
Follow the Swallow
Charlie My Boy
I Can't Get the One I Want
He's a New Kind of Man
Minuet-Medley
Southern Roses Waltz
Mandalay
Maytime
Some Day You'll Miss Me

And These Up-to-the-Second Songs

June Night
Hard Hearted Hannah
Why Live a Lie
Hinky Dinky Parley Voo
I Wonder What's Become of Sally
Put Away a Little Ray of Golden Sunshine

Another Sensational Record Bargain!

At last the new National Record Set for Fall is ready! Sixteen brand new Fox-trots, Waltzes and song successes—the most popular hits today—sung and played by popular orchestras and accomplished artists, beautifully recorded on EIGHT ten-inch double-face records, all for $2.98 plus a few cents delivery charges!

What Is the Secret?

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SEND NO MONEY

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NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS Inc.
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Dept. 79
New York City

Send No Money Just Mail Coupon

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Please send me for 10 days' trial your collection of 16 very latest songs, fox-trots and waltzes on eight double-face, ten-inch records, guaranteed satisfactory in every way. I will pay the postman only $2.98 plus delivery charges on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectations I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money. (Outside U. S. $3.50, cash with order.)

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